30:8 Dup
Missions- Hawaiian Islands

1805. 1885.

C. C. A.

MAY 15, 80 1885.

YEARS.

Hampton, Va.
Normal School Steam Press Print,
1885.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
Graduate Theological Union

https://archive.org/details/graduatetheologi00unse_16

Rev. C. M. Hyde D.D.
With Aloha from
Lemuel Kirkland

INTRODUCTION.

ON the 15th of May, 1885, Mrs. Armstrong's Eightieth Birthday was celebrated at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Weaver, in San Francisco, Cal.

Of her seven living children, twelve grand-children and two great-grand-children, only her three daughters, Mrs. Beckwith, Mrs. Weaver and Miss Amelia Armstrong were present; the other members of her family being represented by letters. For her absent children and for friends who know what her life has been, and are glad to hear of the happiness of her last days, the following little memorial has been prepared.

The description of the birthday festival was written by Miss Cordelia Kirkland, and from among a quantity of material, that has been selected which seemed most to emphasize the meaning of the day, though necessarily there have been omissions, and the work, being done at a distance, is felt to be somewhat incomplete.

M. F. A.

EIGHTY YEARS.

May 15th, 1885.

I WAS present on Saturday at a lovely anniversary festival where my social and affectionate feelings were so inspired that I thought I could easily write an account of the fragrant offerings and tender benedictions that flowed in so freely; forgetting, rash mortal that I am! how the slow and stumbling pen loiters after the flying thoughts, and how dimly black and white words can reproduce brilliant colors, or still less, brimming eyes and loving caresses.

However, eightieth birthdays are festivals too rare in young California for any one who is invited, to feel indifferent or fail to do his utmost in honoring the occasion; so I found myself gladly committed to do my best to tell you how it looked and felt.

Already in the street car that wends its way around past Mrs. Weaver's, I found our Unita-

rian clergyman, Rev. Dr. Stebbins and his wife, my friend and I, half a dozen other ladies, and a most beautiful fruit-piece, quite unique in my observation of nature-loving Californian decoration. It was a little wagon, like a rustic cart of crossed twigs, seated on a bed of moss and many-colored leaves interspersed with little flowers. The cart was loaded with scarlet and yellow cherries, strawberries, currants and gooseberries, arranged by our good fairy in such household art, Miss Bates. This work of art was sent by Mrs. Lucilla Bates Smith. Lashed to the tongue of the wagon with blue ribbon, was a sheaf of yellow wheat, and appended was the reference, Hebrews, XII, 11.

When we left our car and proceeded, procession-wise, towards the house, we were already quite imposing, I assure you. The comfortable mansion was already filling, and didn't they file in from two to four, young folks, old folks, mammas and babies, not real babies you know, but cunning little trots in Mother Hubbard slips and hats. Each guest in turn was welcomed by the noble and saintly heroine of the day, who looked like a true mother in Israel as she sat in stately

robes in a large chair draped with a beautiful white Egyptian burnous embroidered in lilac silk with Arabic characters—Allah is good, Allah be praised, etc. The chair was placed in the back parlor in front of the mantel and mirror. On the mirror above was the word *Aloha* in raised gold letters, and the dates, 1805, 1885. In the centre, upon the clock face, was the photograph of Mrs. Bishop, (Hawaiian princess. last of the Kamehamehas,) surrounded by the wreath of yellow feathers, sacred in Hawaii to royalty. Above waved a small Hawaiian flag made by Mrs. Bishop's own hand for her beloved friend and teacher. All around were grouped a variety of offerings, pretty and useful trifles and a purse of $100.00 from Dr. and Mrs. Echelman, and his wife. But the flowers were the wonderful thing. You know that not only is California preeminently the land of flowers, but Californians are the most passionate lovers and fosterers of these "stars that in earth's firmament do shine." Those three rooms, two parlors and dining-room, were studies in floral effects. In the front room where the mingled American and Hawaiian flags draped the bay window, the por-

jecting shelf of a long book-case was solid with purple velvet pansies nestling in ivy leaves ; in the window shone a lily from the old stone-house garden, which had bloomed as if by a special favor for this great occasion. Roses, fuchsias, geraniums, heliotropes, these common yet precious treasures of our California gardens, shot up their pretty heads wherever a flower could rest its foot. One enormous basket, half Jacqueminots, half Marechal Neil's and another immense one with *Aloha* in purple pansies on a ground of white, were especially beautiful, as was a basket sent by Mrs. H. W. Severance. The mantel-piece of the front parlor was solid with roses, and that of the back parlor had banks of great double marigolds, calla lilies, and crimson geraniums *en suite.* The more substantial viands of the refreshment table were almost hidden by a wealth of blossoms, though truly the many-tinted cates and delicates had no need to blush for themselves in any company.

Well, as I was about to observe when the flowers ran away with me, there was a programme of entertainment which only waited the subsidence of affectionate greetings to begin.

First, the Rev. Mr. Beckwith, the eldest son-in-law, read admirably, and with many a witty and sweet little interpolation, the autobiographical sketch prepared by the venerable heroine of the happy day, and I am sure that many besides myself must have been deeply impressed by the strong, well poised brain, which at an age when most minds refuse such labor, could compose and complete such a paper. Patriarchal in its simplicity of detail, dwelling more on the sweet home joys of the well remembered American farm-life of her childhood than upon the missionary trials and triumphs of later years, the narrative flowed along in the smooth elegance of a practiced hand, while in the loving precepts of the close, one felt all the mingled authority and tenderness of a mother in Israel who addresses her children from the boundaries of the unseen world. The assembled friends were much affected, and when the concluding words were heard, "Sing my children,

My faith looks up to thee,
Oh, Lamb of Calvary,"—

and the request was complied with by the large family circle—many eyes brimmed over with

reverent tears. Then followed an original song by Mrs. Howard, sung by Millie Beckwith, with chorus of grand-children. At the close of each verse, a circle of dear little dots of girls in white, led by Clarice Weaver, closed round Grand-mamma and threw successively around her neck four charming *leis*, the first a daisy chain each of eighty blossoms in the Hawaiian fashion, till Grandmamma might have personated the Goddess of Flowers herself, or some grand old oak twined about with tender fingers of the spring, as we often see it here.

We feel like singing all the time,
On this thy *natal day*,
Sweet songs of praise to Him whose love
Has led you all the way.
Singing, singing,
Singing all the day,
Singing, singing,
Singing all the day.

God says He will prolong the years,
Of those who serve Him true,
And this we know dear Grandmamma,
Can well be said of you—
Serving, serving,
Serving every day.
Serving, serving,
Serving every day.

O, long may you be spared to us,
To counsel and to guide--
Your words of truth shall evermore,
Within our hearts abide.
Teaching, helping ;
Leading us to God,
Teaching, helping,
Leading us to God.

We weave for thee a *wreath* so fair,
To crown thy golden years—
Each leaf a gem of purity,
Bathed in our happy tears.
Crowning, crowning,
Crowning you with love,
Crowning, Crowning,
Crowning you with love.

Ettie Weaver followed, reading an exquisite little poem purporting to be by the Baby Armstrong, " the youngest of the name," which poem was universally applauded and appreciated.

I come, a little nameless girl
With merry eyes,
And hair upon whose tangled curl
Soft sunshine lies.

I come with little eager hands
Outstretched to greet,
Here in these new far distant lands,
The friends I meet.

The youngest of them all I stand
Beside your knee,
I can just touch your loving hand,
And do you see?

I hardly need a name, my eyes
Are somehow, yours;
Their speech so baby-sweet and wise
My right secures.

I cannot count the years whose weight
Lies on your head,
My life knows yet no day nor date,
Nor care's dull tread;

I only know the sun and flowers
Or some kind face;
For me, the years, the days, the hours,
Fly without trace.

For you—Ah, you can count the days
As they go by,
And this world's rough and toilsome ways
Behind you lie.

I cannot bring you all you miss
To-day and here,
I only bring a baby's kiss,
A smile; a tear.

I cannot wish you happy days;
My tongue, untaught,
Can speak no word of tender praise
Or loving thought.

But still I come ; with smiling eyes
My right to claim
To greet you *first* in sweet surprise
The youngest of your name.

Next came a Poem by Mrs. Deming, entitled :

EIGHTY YEARS HAVE PASSED.

Eighty years have gone by, and it seems but a dream,
As back through the vista of years
My weary eyes turn to that shadowy past,
Life's springtime of sunshine and tears.

In fancy, I roam o'er New England's green hills,
As I roamed in those bright, happy hours,
When earth seemed a vision of sunlight and song,
And life but a pathway of flowers.

I breathe the sweet breath of her pine-scented woods,
And drink from the clear bubbling spring,
And list to the music of robin and thrush,
Whose notes through the grand forests ring.

How little I dreamed in those unthinking days
Of the paths that my feet have since trod,
Bearing light to the races benighted in sin,
To the untutored children of God.

These records will serve to remind you of scenes
Grown dim through the changes of time,
Of her, whose affections all changes outlive,
Of fortune, of seasons or clime.

And new generations the pages may trace,
Untouched by time's mildew and rust,
When the fingers that penned them have crumbled away
And returned to their own native dust.

The way has been long, and my feet have grown tired,
But the end of my journey is near.
Just a little time more, ere the mists will d'sperse
And the way to my sight be made clear.

Then followed the presentation of a silver tray containing letters from far and near, and such letters!

The younger the baby the more wonderful were its utterances of wit and wisdom, till at the effusion of one who derived his inspiration from sucking his fingers and toes, a gentle shout of admiration arose among us much-deteriorated grown-up folks.

On sober-second thought, however, we were forced to acknowledge that President Hopkins of Williams' College, Gen. Armstrong, the children at Lahaina, Daughter Jennie and many another besides Kalani Armstrong, could write lovely letters too, and showed no falling off from the good old Puritan brains to which we

are all proud to trace our beginnings in America.

"Here endeth the Lesson of Eighty years," and I am sure that I, for one, can truly say that I never received a sweeter encouragement to the ways that have conducted a noble woman to this crowning by honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, and doubtless, at some future day, to the best reception of all:

"Come thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

CORDELIA KIRKLAND.

A Veteran Missionary's Eightieth Birthday.

Quite in contrast with the cheerless grass hut, in which a New England girl began her misssionary work at the Sandwich Islands more than fifty years ago, was the scene, on May 15th, at the residence of Mrs. P. L. Weaver of this city, where the same New England girl, now beautiful with the gathered graces of four score years, received the congratulations of a host of friends. *That* wes a heathen's hovel, through which the tropic rains poured day and night, and whose chairs and tables were the dry goods boxes saved from "the tumble and tossing" of the sea. *This* was a sweet home full of sunlight, and beautified with gems of art and all tasteful adornments. *That* was a lonely life in that little grass hovel, five thousand miles away from home and friends, as the birds fly, and twenty thousand miles as the ships sail. There were not many friendly greetings in it. But the greetings *here* were multitudinous; greetings, by letter from east and west, north and south and greetings in person by a host of kindred and friends, who came pouring in with hearty congratulations. *That* little hut looked out upon the darkest heathenism. But *this sweet home* now looks over to the same land, redeemed and made beautiful with all the refinements of a Christian civilization. It was a most suggestive contrast, and gave good warrant for the mingled smiles and tears that chased each other back and forth over the transfigured face of the veteran missionary mother.

It was a simple but impressive birth-day greeting her loved ones gave her. Many eyes of sympathizing guests grew strangely dim, as her children and children's children gathered around her and sung a little coronation song, which a kind friend had written for the occasion, and wreathed her, as they sung, with triple garlands. And many hearts grew strangely tender as they listened to the aged grandmother's written account of her early home and her missionary work, and to her wise counsels to her children's children, and as a few of the many letters received were read, from the little epistle from the youngest grandchild, printed big, and reading—

"*Dear Grandma:* I'm glad you've got a birthday,

KALANI"—

to the cordial congratulatory letter of the more than octogenarian, the venerable Dr. Mark Hopkins, ex-President of Williams College, and still President of the American Board. As we saw how love had crowned those eighty years, as the greetings came from children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and from a multitude of admiring friends, we said to ourselves, "It is true, just as it was written three thousand years ago. 'A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised,' 'Her children arise up and call her blessed.'" And we came away saying of Mrs. C. C. Armstrong, whose eightieth birthday we had greeted with such glad festivity. "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

BECKWITH.

LETTERS.

Williams College, May 8th, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. ARMSTRONG:

It was only this morning that I learned from your son Sam'l C. that your 80th birthday would occur the 15th of this month, and that it would be celebrated by letters from your children and others. In view of my long and intimate knowledge of your son and his work, and of my connection with the American Board, I trust you will not think it intrusive in me to come in as one of those others, and to say to you how important a day I think the 15th of May 80 years ago was to the American Board, the Sandwich Islands, the Chinese, and, through your son, to the African and Indian races.

God does not do his greatest, and especially his beneficent works, through forces that attract attention to themselves, as the earthquake and the tornado, but rather through those known in their results, as the lift of the sap, the expansion of the leaves and the ripening of the fruit. If, as compared with your husband's position, yours has been less prominent, it has not, therefore, been less useful. The only time I ever saw your husband was at Providence. There I was chosen President of the American Board. He made then, I remember, an excellent speech before a great assembly, but you helped him make it. But for you his whole life, intel-

lectual and spiritual, with its missionary results, would have been different.

And now permit me to congratulate you first of all on having been permitted to spend so long a life in missionary work, and to see such results. I believe you will see more and more of the blessedness of this especially in the world to come.

I congratulate you further on reaching fourscore years surrounded with so much of admiring affection and gratitude, and, through the grace of our Saviour, with so much ground of hope for the future. With us, and especially with me, who have passed my 83d birthday, the shadows lengthen towards the East, but we rely on Him who has led us hitherto, and who has loved us and given Himself for us. May He be always graciously with you.

Sincerely yours,

MARK HOPKINS.

For Mrs. C. C. Armstrong, on her eightieth birthday.

LIMA-KAIKA-ARM-STRONG.

Verily a "strong arm" indeed, hast thou and thine reached forth, to save the fallen, and lift up the feeble, the despised, and the down-trodden races of the earth! Where else can be found such a record of missionary zeal, courage, and success, as your family have made and are now making in the world?

The Hawaiian, the Celestial, the Red man, and the African, have cause for thankfulness to God that such a "strong arm" has been held out for them to lean

upon, and to direct their steps to the higher and nobler life.

Associated with your eminent husband at the Islands where he was Minister of Public Instruction, and I was Chairman of the Committee on Education of the Hawaiian Parliament—and for fourteen years with your distinguished son in the grandest educational work of the age, *I know whereof I affirm.* And I offer you my cordial congratulations, that though your good husband has rested from his labors, and your own work is well nigh done, you have been spared to see the missionary cause in which you both have so faithfully spent yourselves, taken up and carried forward on so grand a scale by your son, of whom Whittier, that great friend of humanity, has well said, "He is doing more good than any other man in the United States." You have lived to see the initiation and the accomplishment of his great work. May you still be spared many years to watch its progress and continued success.

Your friend,

J. F. B. MARSHALL.

MRS. C. C. ARMSTRONG,

San Francisco.

Kendall Green,

Weston, Massachusetts, May 9th, 1885.

West Newton, Massachusetts, May 10th, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. ARMSTRONG:

I gladly add my greeting to the many you will receive on your birthday.

I deem it no cause for congratulation simply that one has attained to great old age, but when one can

look back upon a life of usefulness and around upon children and grand-children ready to carry on, each in their own way, the life work she is about to lay down, we may surely say *Pomaikai!*

Thirty-two years ago last Christmas I first met you and your good husband. My memory carries me back to many pleasant interviews—to your ready hospitality when I visited Honolulu and to the rare pleasure of an occasional visit from him in my off-island home.

I remember well, losing my way one night among the sandhills beyond Kalepolepo and coming on a little fishing village. My loud "huu!" waked the people up, and when they came out I called from the darkness to ask where I was. Strangely enough they mistook my voice for Mr. Armstrong's, and the gladdest call went up to those still asleep, "Eh! Lima-i-kai-ka! Lima-i-a-kai-kai!" The glad tone gave me a clearer idea than I had ever had of your husband's strong hold of the hearts of the people. I hated to undeceive them.

How many pleasant reminiscences like this must cheer your mind in this tranquil evening of life. That it may be like the evenings I well remember off Cape Horn, fading away only into the dawn of a brighter day, is the hearty prayer of

Yours very truly,

EDWARD P. BOND.

Boston, May 9th, 1885.

MY DEAR HONORED FRIEND:

I would like very much if I could lay a *Maile* wreath over your shoulders, on the "15th." Its fragrance would remind you of years gone by that are still fragrant with precious memories. Its perfume would tell you of sweet odors, distilled under sunny skies, where, though the clouds have gathered, there is still the blue sky of heaven betokening peace, and say in tender tones *Aloha uo mau no ke aloha.* Standing as you do to-day on mountain heights, the prospect before you is one of the beautiful delectable mountains, with the Home city of the Heavenly Father in view, and yet I think that the backward glance is one of much pleasure. To be sure it shows a varied pathway, by land and sea; strange tongues mingle on the air; Cannibal chairs on wide verandas; strong offshoots from parent stems blossoming into rich fruitage in far off portions; while from sunny islands come the grateful offerings of many hearts, and even the leaves of the trees that blossom in the places where no shade was, all in unison tell of past ministries not spent in vain.

Amid the harmonies that come from all around to-day, permit my little tribute of pleasant recollections of your kind *motherly* care, (I cannot use a stronger comparison) to a boy far from his home and mother's influence and care. For your good judgment in guiding, your generous hospitality, your Christian council, that made his life much happier and better, and gave him better aspirations towards better living, for all of these and a life-long friendship, I will send heartfelt congratulations to you to-day. May there still be granted you so many returns of the day as

shall bring golden pleasure, until Our Heavenly Father calls you to the rich reward that awaits his faithful ones.

A heartfelt "*Aloha*," in which my wife wishes to be allowed a share.

I would subscribe myself as

Very truly yours, G. D. GILMAN.

Hampton, Va., May 5th, 1885

DEAR MOTHER:

This will be handed you on your 80th birthday, with, I hope, many others from friends far and near.

As a family, we have said very little of our real feeling for each other. We have left it for actions to indicate our care for and interest in each other. It is wonderful how much you have gone through; you have taught a noble lesson to your children. You have helped me and have been in my work in a marvelous way.

I more and more believe, that sons are of their mothers, and that daughters are of their fathers; for I see it constantly.

In the most trying times of my life, I have felt a peculiar gift of grit and strength that seemed not myself, but my mother in me. Many a time in the terrible moments before battle, or in the long night hours under the stars, expecting the order to "charge!" at daylight, I have felt your nearness--I have even seen, as in a vision, your form above me in mourning dress, with a black veil falling from your bonnet, and I heard you say, "Be brave, Sam."

It did much for me, and I felt ready for anything. My soldiers little imagined what had been going on within me when I was able to give them some of my own strength and inspiration.

As I see into and understand things better, I believe more in subtle influences and inspirations. Father who left us 25 years ago has been a presence and a power in our lives more than before his death. The dead are near; they care for and help us, I think. Are they not "Ministering Spirits?"

You will by-and-by be even nearer your children than you are now; life is one—this and the next.

Dear Mother, may your years be long in the land, and may God bless you with friendship, love, and comfort the rest of your days.

Perhaps we are parted forever on earth; but we will meet again. I never shall forget when you threw your arms about my neck as we parted in old "Stone House." It seemed like the last time—it may be—but it matters not. We are working together always, for a common end, and distance is not real separation; so we are one in purpose, serving God as best we can. He has been most kind and merciful to us both; how much we have to be thankful for. His promises never fail. I so like the old German Hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God." I see His guidance in the past as clearly as you see, from the heights above, a river winding through a valley. Many will be around you this 15th day of May, to congratulate you; many letters will come, and I am sure you will be very happy.

Your 80th birthday is for you and for all of us a day for deep and grateful thoughts; long to be remembered.

Good-bye and God bless you.

Your affectionate Son,

S. C. A.

Lahaiualuna Seminary, April 24th, 1885.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER:

It is a joy to welcome you, even by word of pen, into the society of those rare and glorious years that lie beyond the Psalmist's "by reason of strength four score years." "Welcome" do I write? As though I stood already on that noble boundary and hailed your entrance! Rather like a weak and lame spectator at the Olympian games, who shouts with transport as he sees the victor pass beyond the goal still hale and unexhausted by the race, I, who know too much of sickness for my youth, almost with envy cry you splendid honor as you pass the four score years so blooming and so young.

Ah! why should I congratulate you so enviously? Is not your eightieth birthday a beacon and a beckoning to me? Those mysterious laws of heredity bring us hope as well as *warning*. We cannot tell what to expect of endowment from an ancestor until that ancestor's failures and triumphs are complete.

Your birthday is my inspiration. I hear your blood within me saying, "Take heart, the years before you are dim with multitude and distance. You come of vital stock!"

I thank you, grandmother, for living so long.

May the Ancient of Days make your hour "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

I send to you memories of this old missionary ground to hail you as you pass along.

Your very loving Grandson,

FRANK ARMSTRONG BECKWITH.

To these letters were added greetings from absent children, grand-children, and great-grand-children in Germany, Hawaii, Virginia and California, the list being closed by a message from the baby lips of the oldest child of the oldest child of the oldest child.

More valuable than all however, is the record of bitter experience and strong faith written by Mrs. Armstrong for those to whom her life is to stand always as a lesson and an encouragement, and the following lines contain the legacy of inspiration which her eighty years leave to her children :

"This day marks the eightieth mile stone in my life's journey. It is a true figure when life is compared to the early dew, the morning cloud and the weaver's swift shuttle. The cradle and the tomb are not far separated. Time from infancy creeps on in little moments till hours, days and years are gone, and we look back bewildered and wonder how it is. "I now walk thoughtful on the solemn silent shore of that vast ocean I must sail so soon." To me the world recedes and will soon disappear. Like a clock worn out with keeping time, the wheels of my life will soon stand still. To you my dear children and grand-children who are so kindly gathered around me to-day, I desire to speak a few words before I go hence to be no

more. This may be my only opportunity, as the flesh is weak, and therefore I pen a few thoughts. Seemingly it is but a brief space of time since I was like you, my grand-children, with my parents, my life full of childhood's delights, youthful vigor, and joyous companions, amid the grand and beautiful scenery of my native hills in old Massachusetts. All is photographed in my memory, and is at this time as vivid to my mind's eye as it is obscure to you. Being now in the eighth decade of life—having looked through old and new glasses, both at home and abroad, a few reminiscences may interest you. I take a seat in a cable car where locomotive power is invisible and my thoughts with lightning speed fly back to my early days when such vehicles were not even dreamed of. A stage coach mounted on high wheels with three seats which could hold nine persons, and drawn by four horses, was the best mode of public conveyance. The driver, with pompous air, cracked his long lashed whip and stimulated the horses as they went over the hills and far away. Sometimes serious accidents occurred when passing over mountains and rough places. On my wedding tour to visit my husband's relations, I remember how my heart fluttered as we passed over the mountains amid deep gorges, the same mountains where David Brainard lived and labored for Indians long ago. * * *

My grand-parents on my mother's side were Scotch, and reckoned the salt of the earth. Col. Ferguson, my grandfather, did his part well during the Revolutionary War, and during his absence, his wife Dorothy cared for the farm, and her large family, of whom all became honored citizens, and are all now "fallen asleep." My grandmother Ferguson used sometimes to visit us and would sing to me in pensive strains the story of the poor "Babes in the Wood." She had a printed copy which is now in my possession. They lived and died in Blandford, Mass. On my father's side, my grandparents lived and died in Southington, Conn. My grandfather's name was Rev. Benj. Chapman, and he was a graduate of Princeton N. J. In 1831 my husband graduated from the Seminary in the same place. My older and only sister was the first to break our family circle when she was sent to an Academy of repute in a neighboring town. When I was about fifteen my parents began to plan to send me also. The spinning of wool and worsted of flax and tow, the knitting and weaving by the fire while one read aloud, and the singing of sacred hymns marked the pleasures of those days. This sister married at the age of twenty, and now lies, with her infant by her side, in her native town. My brother's great fondness for study, as he persevered in walking some five miles to a grammar school, resulted in his becoming a Chief Justice in his native state. He prospered in his profession, and when about

seventy years of age he travelled for his health, and rdied in Fluellen on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. His remains were brought back to Springfield Mass., where he had been a prominent member of a church, and where there is now a memorial window to his name

Frugality, industry and economy were prominent traits in our family. Time moved on, and the day came for me to leave my home, and never was a more homesick mortal than I was for a time. From that time I was scholar and teacher, as circumstances required. A selfish farmer's wife went one day to reprove my mother for not keeping her children at home, and gave force to her arguments by saying "Hannah, why do you let your children go away to school so much. By and by they will die and lose it all." My vacations were spent at home, and such was my love of nature that some of my time was spent in trying to put on paper some lessons I had received at school in painting. Some of my water colors were greatly admired by my townspeople and were a great source of gratification to my parents, though they were not worthy to compare with the work of these days. Encouraged, it might have grown to a passion. Embroidering in lace or muslin seemed a second nature. There is a rug present which I wrought with a darning needle, of wool which I helped spin after it was taken from the back of some sheep in my father's fold. The cloth in which it is wrought was made from flax sown by my

father,and spun by my mother. Thus passed my busy life until I was married to the Rev. Richard Armstrong, November, 1831, and embarked in a whale ship with seventeen others all bound for the Sandwich Islands, in answer to a loud call, "Come over and help us." The voyage of six months with all its miseries and inconveniences, was far different from present luxurious modes of travel. For many years the mail was carried by whale ships, the shortest time made being six months. Now news is sent by wire, and steamer in eight days. Newspapers, though old, were received and read with the greatest eagerness. My husband labored many years in teaching, preaching, translating and publishing one of the first newspapers called the *Nona nono* or *ant*, because of its diminutive size. Once, when he was telling of some of the marvels of the telegraph in sending messages, one excited native straightened himself up, robed in a shirt and girdle only, and said with as elf-conscious air and a sore attempt to solve the mystery of how the wires were fastened, "This my thought—They can hitch on to the stars." At first there was no written language, and to teach English would have been an offense against royalty. Now school houses are found everywhere and normal schools also for fitting teachers. My husband was a faithful, industrious and successful worker for the Hawaiians, for nearly thirty years, when he was thrown from a horse while on his way to

preach, and died soon after in the year 1860. Fifteen years in pastoral work and the remaining time in educational work kept him always active, and he died with the armor on at the age of fifty-three, and now sleeps under the palms near old Kawaiahao church, where he had preached many years. Three sons also sleep on those tropical shores and form now a family circle above. Seven children still live, one of whom devotes the energies of his manly life to the interests of the Indian and Freedmen. One is now endeavoring to recover lost health in the old town of Santa Fe. The husband of one is a successful pastor in this city, and still others are far away in Europe and others are here doing their part in California. During my early missionary life we were sent to the Marquesas Islands amongst cannibals, but after a few months of privation, when an English Society offered to take it under their care, we returned to the Sandwich Islands where the vineyard was in more need of workers. The natives at Nuuhiva were children of nature, with no knowledge of civilization whatever and given over to animal lusts and selfish degradation. We lived in houses covered with bread fruit tree leaves, and they were quite comfortable. This wooden rocking chair was given to me in New Bedford when we were about to sail from our beloved country, by the Rev. Sylvester Holmes, then one of the pulpit stars. It has been my companion in all my journeyings, around the Horn, in cannibal land,

across rough seas and on mountain passes, and has been often coveted by eager natives who sometimes could be pacified only by a gift of some molasses and water or a few fish hooks. The poor chair has had the misfortune to be tied away in the steerage, and has received many a kick from impatient seamen. It has rocked each of my ten children in sickness and in health, soothed and comforted each member of the family in weariness and sadness, and was a good nurse to my weak body when recovering from a severe illness which had almost compelled my feet to slip into the river of death when amongst cannibals. At Lahaina the beautiful boy born at Nuuhiva lay in his father's arms dying of croup, and from this old chair his little spirit took its upward flight while I lay in a bed near by with an infant a week old nestled by my side. Could it speak it could tell a long long story of trials and joys, as its history is identical with mine; no one can have the clinging fondness for it that I have. It wears a new dress now, but it is ever the same, and I commend it to the loving care of those who shall outlive me. Could time turn backward again, my choice would still be a life amongst the heathens with the privilege of uplifting dark, degraded humanity. For a few moments my thoughts fly back over the years gone by, and note the wonderful changes that I have watched in the history of the world and I see with clearer vision the hand of the Almighty and loving

God guiding to the light. I have lived through two American wars, and during the last it was my mother's pride to give a son to fight and endure hardships as a soldier in the cause of liberty, which is the cause of Christ. I have lived to see the great wonders of science burst upon the world with startling rapidity and power, and can see how all this goes hand in hand with Christianity. I have lived to see the cause of education wonderfully broadened, so that even the despised Indian now takes his share of the benefits, but above all to see the missionaries' torch lighting the dark corners of the earth even to the centre of Africa. Truly the ways of God are wonderful. To my grand children just coming on the stage of life, let me give a little grandmotherly counsel. Keep your eyes on your great Leader and follow closely his footsteps. Be manly, be womanly, be noble—true—self-sacrificing—content with small things, and remember that the final fruit of all is love to God and love to man.

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear;
Look on it—lift it—bear it solemnly.
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly—
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the good ye win."

I look back upon my life as marked with many mistakes, great unworthiness and many sins. I do not desire that my mantle of spots and wrinkles shall fall upon my children and grand children, but that the robe

of Christ's righteousness may fall upon each of them in its full completeness. I shall soon pass the Gates Ajar with no price in my hand, but simply clinging to the cross of Christ.

Please sing for me

"My faith looks up to Thee—
Thou Lamb of Cavalry."

Clarissa Chapman Armstrong.

May 15th, 1885.